

FEBRUARY 1939

PRICE 10 CENTS

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A TYPICAL SHEPHERD AND PART OF HIS FLOCK NEAR JERUSALEM

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
and THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION
SOCIETY ~

Our Dumb Animals

U.S. Trade Mark, Registered
FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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From Melbourne, Australia, a report comes to us of a sullen and intractable prisoner in a certain jail who was finally allowed to keep his dog with him. The man now is regarded as a model prisoner. His dog goes with him to his work each day as he labors in the yards, and sleeps on a mat in his master's cell at night.

It is estimated from reports received that more than 600,000 hunters took to the woods in 16 states during the last open season on deer, and that 275,000 deer, at least, were shot. How many were wounded and left to die no one will ever know. One hundred and thirty-four sportsmen were reported dead from gun-shot wounds or other accidents connected with the hunting.

The passengers and officers on the Grace Liner, Santa Rosa, report that during a recent voyage on that ship there was a mass flight of canaries from Tortugas to Crooked Island in the Caribbean Sea, numbering something like 2,000, that descended on the ship, evidently for a rest. The birds were described as exhausted when they descended, the bolder ones readily accepting passengers' invitations to food scattered upon the deck.

Among the vigorous and influential organizations in England, interested in humane work, is the University of London Animal Welfare Society, the name recently changed from U. L. A. W. S. to U. F. A. W.—the University's Federation for Animal Welfare.

Volume V of their report contains an exceedingly interesting article by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, formerly secretary of the London Zoological Society. We had the pleasure of meeting Sir Peter some years ago. No zoological garden ever had as secretary a man more deeply interested in animal welfare and in guarding against the sufferings of those many forms of life shut up in what, at best, is to them more or less of a prison.

Bands of Mercy in India

Far away from our western shores is Amritsar, and a young man there by the name of S. C. Batra, now recognized as organizing secretary of Bands of Mercy for India, who some time ago wrote us of his interest in humane work, and was vouchered for by a professor in Yale University who had spent some time in India and knew this young Mr. Batra well. Without asking for aid from this country, Mr. Batra has been able, through friends he interested, to begin the work of organizing of Bands of Mercy. He says the first one was started in Amritsar in January, 1938, and has multiplied into six with a membership of not less than 800. He gives the lists of schools in which the Bands have been organized. There are four in high schools, one in what is called a "middle" school, one in what is known as Cambridge College, one in Ceylon, and Bands also, he writes, have been formed in Madras.

The Committee back of this, he tells us, consists of the Bishop of Amritsar and the representatives of each of the several Bands. Two feasts were given to animals in stables by the S. P. C. A. through the Bands of Mercy. The members fed the animals with their own hands.

About 17 lectures were delivered, and a very fine tribute is paid to the President of the American Humane Education Society for his help and co-operation in this work.

He also writes of a Mr. Mercado, retired president of a college, who is now acting as president of the Council. Of Dr. R. S. Vine (a lady) he also speaks as one who has been greatly helpful in the movement.

The above we take from the report of the Amritsar Society for Promoting the Welfare of Animals.

The Registrar of Motor Vehicles in Massachusetts, Mr. Frank A. Goodwin, is very quick to suspend the license of any hit-and-run driver who, striking a dog upon the highway, hurries on, failing to stop.

The Temple and the Statue

In one of Zangwill's books a Temple is described "open to the winds where stands a wondrous statue with a face that is beautiful in its eternal calm. The winds from far and near sweep round the palace laden with the pain of the world, but the statue hears them not; eternal calm is on its face.

"Until one day its ears are opened, and it hears the message of the wind—it hears the cry of the world's vast woe. And the pain of the statue is greater than the pain of the whole world, for it hears but it cannot help."

Keen as is the pain of a thousand hearts at the sufferings that they know day by day are laid upon the patient and defenseless animals that man has brought within his power, keener still, and harder far to bear, would be the pain could we lift no hand, speak no word to lessen those sufferings. We, thank God, can act. We can speak at least in behalf of kindness and justice. We can write the letter that may move someone stronger than we to utter his voice. And yet, more to be pitied than Zangwill's moveless statue with the cry of the world's pain ringing through its heart, is the man or woman who can hear that cry and in selfish indifference let it ring on unheeded.

Thomas Carlyle and His Horseshoe

A correspondent of *The Animals' Friend* says that the famous Thomas Carlyle, 104 years ago, invented a special horseshoe for horses on frozen and slippery roads which became universally adopted. The shoes were known as Frost Cogs. The original shoe can be seen today at the Museum of his old home in Cheyne Row.

Carlyle is also quoted as having said once to a niece, "Ever since I was a boy I have never thought of the practice of vivisectioning animals but with horror."

From a Hilltop

HARRY ELMORE HURD

*A dismal trilogy of sounds
Proclaims the running of the hounds.*

*The primal cries that split the air
Announce the drama of despair.*

*There is no respite in this strife
That presses on the heels of life.*

*Standing on this lonely hill
I hear the voice of evil will—*

*Hear the harriers draw near—
Feel the frenzied rabbit's fear.*

*I cannot see, I only know
That crimson life shall stain the snow*

*And beauty, taken by surprise,
Shall die with wonder in its eyes.*

"Buck" Calls on Me

E. E. WATSON

SOme years ago while prospecting for zinc or lead ore in the rough hills and mountains of the Ozarks, I started out one morning, just after a snow, and soon ran across tracks of a deer. Then I found where, after wolves had struck his trail he had leaped, and, slipping on sloping ice had fallen and slid to the bottom of a gulch. Hearing wolves snarling, I hurried down, drove away three wolves, and stepped over to a young buck who was down and, as I found, with a broken leg.

The poor fellow was so weak he would not even attempt to get up, but what surprised me was that when I approached him he made no effort to move or struggle in any way. As I patted a shoulder, he looked at me as though knowing he had found a friend. I hurried back to my lone cabin, a very short distance away, and secured rope, cords and a sled I occasionally used for hauling my tools when ice or snow was on the ground.

When I got back two of the wolves were just sneaking up to poor "Buck." Arranging the sled beside Buck, and tying his legs together to prevent him kicking and rolling off, I lifted him onto the sled and tied his body there, then worked my way up the gulch to where I could haul him and the sled out. Taking him to the cabin, I unloaded him, finding that he also had a very jagged wound on his neck—doubtless caused by a sharp rock in his fall. I whittled out and applied splints to his broken leg, after washing the place and applying a disinfectant, then washed and dressed the wound in his neck.

Every day, before and after work hours, I fed and petted him. He'd eat most anything I gave him, such as oatmeal, corn meal and cabbage and potatoes—even canned beans and peas. Within two weeks he seemed to feel he was quite capable of getting around again. I had a pen near by, with a little shed that I kept my burro in. I let Buck stay there for a few days (the burro had been taken back to town after my boy and I had brought out the last load of stuff). There were some oats and corn



BLACK-TAIL FAWNS IN MONTANA

left in there yet and Buck feasted on them.

Soon he became restless within the enclosure and I let him out to roam. He did, BUT every morning and evening he came for feed, and in very bad weather he insisted on coming into the cabin. In the spring I moved my prospecting to another cabin several miles away. I had not been located over two hours when Buck showed up.

It's been nearly five years since I first saw him—and every winter he has showed up as usual. He's as tame as any house dog ever was.

Sprites of February Woods

FERN BERRY

WHEN the snows of the hunger month, February, lie banked high along the roads and the aisles of the woodlands are carpeted with it, when the fields are broad snow-and-ice crusted plains, we become weary of the winter and long for our summer friends, the robin, bluebird and lark. But out in the woods, or coming as visitors to our feeding stations, are the tiny sprites of the winter woods.

The brown tree creeper, a dainty little bird, not larger than a wren, has a thin lisping, "seet-seet-seet" call-note. The habit of the creeper to carefully cover the tree trunks in search of food in the form of insects, eggs, larvae, is an interesting one. The feet and legs seem almost invisible but the beak is long and awl-like and just right for pulling out tid-bits.

The white-breasted nuthatch is another of the winter woodland birds with the habit of searching the great tree trunks for its food. This bird has a strange elfin appearance. It is as large as a sparrow and the coloring is blue-gray and white with a blackish crown. It has an inquisitive habit of poking here and there as it travels over the lichen-covered trunks.

The hairy and downy woodpeckers and the blue jay add to the great orchestra of the winter woods with their cries and drumming. Like a flash the cardinal leaves his hiding place in the hemlock grove and sets out to find a vine still bearing a few dried grapes or berries.

The Cruel Trap

L. D. CHAPMAN

BLACKIE," the skunk, slowly dug his way up through the six-foot drift of snow that covered the old woodchuck hole, which had been his home during the long winter months. The snow had come early and one storm had followed closely on the heels of the previous one, keeping him denned several weeks longer than usual.

At first he didn't mind it. He had put in a busy summer, roaming over the country-side, in quest of grasshoppers, crickets and other insects which comprised the larger part of his bill of fare and, with the coming of winter, he was more than willing to take a few weeks of rest.

He had crawled into the snug woodchuck hole, when the first blizzard drove down from the north and had curled up to make the most of his leisure time. His chunky little body was well covered with a thick layer of fat that was sufficient to supply his bodily needs for several weeks to come.

Finally, however, Blackie's long sleep was broken. He was awakened and prowled uneasily about his den, but mother nature warned him that it was not yet time for him to venture forth. Heeding the warning, he again curled up in his snug nest and promptly went back to sleep. At last there came a day when sleep was out of the question. Late one afternoon he commenced digging his way through the deep drift. He was not long in reaching the top and, poking his sharp-pointed nose through the crust of snow that covered the drift, he sniffed testily of the soft balmy air that was blowing from the south. Everything proclaimed that at last spring was in the air.

Blackie was never so hungry in his whole life. All of the stored-up fat had been consumed during the long weeks of sleep and now his hungry stomach was calling for food. His keen nose had always led him to plenty of food; surely it wouldn't fail him now. He made his way leisurely toward an old hedgerow. There he would find some mice and what better food could anyone ask for?

But the hedgerow proved to be devoid of mice and Blackie was disgusted. Later he

located an old rotten stump. Setting to work, he dug industriously and was rewarded by finding a couple of fat grubs. Another half hour of digging failed to reveal anything more in the line of food.

Blackie was famished. The grubs had only been enough to sharpen his appetite, while the digging had whetted it to a keen edge, that sent hunger pangs shooting through his thin body. He was desperate. He must have food.

Suddenly he remembered the strawstacks in the field where he had hunted grasshoppers last fall. These must yield some mice. A half-mile journey over the snowy meadow brought him to the stacks.

He paused, sniffing the air. Presently his keen nose caught the scent of meat. Here at last was a feast. Stuffed in a little niche in the side of the stack he came upon a pile of feathers, and from it came the smell of fresh meat.

Casting caution to the wind, Blackie pounced upon the feathers. Snap! A sharp knife-like pain shot through his front leg. The rattle of a chain told him that he was caught in one of those wicked traps that he had evaded so many times before.

Blackie struggled and twisted in agony, but his foot was held secure in the crushing grip of the cruel trap. He bit at the chain, as the torturing jaws ground into his quivering flesh.

After hours of agony, he discovered that his foot was not hurting him so badly as it had been. His whole leg was numb.

Something seemed to tell him to nip his imprisoned foot. The numbness had deadened the pain. And so Blackie set his sharp teeth into his aching leg.

After hours of fitful gnawing, Blackie succeeded in amputating his foot close to the cruel jaws and, writhing and twisting, he wrenched his numb, bleeding stump free from the deadly grip and hobbled away to his den to nurse his tortured leg.

Many days of intense suffering followed before his leg was healed. He had escaped, a three-legged cripple for the rest of his days, like so many others of nature's children to whom life is dear.

NOTE: To anyone, thinking of setting traps, we would present this true story.

Tribute to a Dog

We have a dog. He came to us as a pup, and so we taught him the rudiments of gentlemanly canine conduct. But the things we have taught him are in small measure indeed to the things we have learned from that small black dog. He taught us how to play again—to throw off care and worry in the exhilaration of a good romp. He taught us to laugh wholeheartedly, without reservation or cynicism. Much that we know of beauty has come to us because of him—the glory of an early sun, its slanting rays just touching the tops of the tallest elms, and setting them on fire; the magic of a full moon, poised momentarily between twin steeples; the gentle, growing loveliness of soft rain on one's hair and upturned face—these and a thousand other phases of the world about us we have found because there was a little black dog begging for a walk. But most of all we have learned the beauty of loyalty that lies in a pair of worshiping brown eyes.

—Chicago Tribune



THE LINCOLN FAMILY CROSSING THE WABASH IN 1830
This Memorial, opposite Vincennes, was dedicated June 14, 1938

Lost or Strayed

SALVATORE MARSIGLIA

*Oh, little lost dog, with a sad, mournful air,
And a quivering tail as you sit on the stair,
There are tears in your eyes, and I know
not why,
Or your tremulous whine and your pitiful
sigh.*

*You were here last night, for I heard you
bark
In the furious storm and the gloom and the
dark;
And you scratched at the door when the
thunder roll'd,
And shivered and whined in the rain and
the cold.*

*Ah, I know you are lost! but you won't
come in
To the heat and the shelter that waits you
within;
I could give you the love that you once
possessed
And the good comfort and care that I know
is best.*

*Oh, little lost dog, with the saddest of eyes,
And the heart-rending pity your whining
gives rise,
With the mad, angry winds blowing 'round
your ears,
And your tender, brown eyes that are filled
with tears . . .*

*Could you but speak, I would show you the
way
Or lead to your master who wonders this
day . . .
Your absence deplored, and missing you so,
Your bright disposition, and friendly dog's
glow.*

Lincoln and His Dog

VERNA E. MUTCH

IN March, 1830, when the Lincolns moved to Illinois, the journey was exceedingly difficult. Lincoln declared he would remember it as long as he lived. He was taking a little fice-dog along with him to his new home and he nearly lost the dog while crossing the Wabash river. Thirty years later he related to a friend how it happened, and what he had to do to save the dog's life:

"I crossed the Wabash at Vincennes," he said, "and the river being high the road on the low prairie was covered with water a half mile at a stretch and the water covered with ice—the only means by which I could keep the road was by observing the stakes on each side placed as guides when the water is over the road. When I came to the water I put a favorite fice (fice) dog I had along into the wagon and got in myself and whipped up my oxen and started into the water to pick my way across as well as I could. After breaking the ice and wading about a quarter of a mile my little dog jumped out of the wagon and the ice being thin he broke through and was struggling for life. I could not bear to lose my dog and I jumped out of the wagon and waded waist deep in the ice and water, got hold of him and helped him out and saved him."

In 1938 a beautiful memorial depicting the Lincoln family crossing the Wabash was erected opposite the city of Vincennes and dedicated on Flag Day, June 14. A bronze statue represents young Lincoln, walking beside his family and ox team, which is carved in bas-relief on a limestone panel.

Please remember the American Humane Education Society, Boston, in your will.

Unchained Dogs Are Happy Dogs

R. O'DARE

IT is surprising to find, even in our enlightened days, how many people there are who still misuse their dogs. The animals are not given nearly enough freedom, and are frequently kept on chains until life becomes positive torture to them. It simply is not fair. And yet, the offenders carry out these injustices more in ignorance than from any direct desire to inflict cruelty.

If these people would only stop to think, they would perhaps realize how much progressive good they are undoing. They are, by their very thoughtlessness, driving domestic canines back into the wild state from which they have emerged after a long process of civilized care and patience.

A dog which does not have enough liberty and exercise will never be a happy one. Malformation may not be apparent but, inwardly, the dog will undergo a growing resentment which will make him both unreliable and savage, both to his owners and to others. Also, he will become less than useless in the capacity for which he has presumably been purchased.

Pet dogs, poodles and the like, excepted, a dog's chief duty is as guardian. But if he is constantly kept on a chain, he will never be able to fulfill the duties expected of him, should necessity arise, however much he may wish to. If he is kept with the idea of discouraging burglars, and other intruders, his owners are defeating their own ends by keeping him so helpless a captive. In that capacity, he is a defenseless target for poisoned meat and other dangers. If he is properly trained, the chain should not be necessary.

In days gone by dogs were wild animals, savage and uncontrollable. They would attack human beings with fang and claw. It is hard to say who first realized their potential usefulness, and began to make them tame. But it was long before the Romans, for "Beware of the Dog" is one of the oldest signs in the world. The Romans used it. Civilization in very early times recognized the immense possibilities in horses' strength and prowess, and gradually came to train and use them for useful purposes. In just such a way was the dog's ferocity utilized in guarding the property of man. For just as soon as man began to have houses and valuables, he simultaneously began to feel the need of some adequate protection. Surely, no more worthy guardian could have been found than the dog.

Through long and careful training, breeding and inter-breeding from generation to generation, the wildness of the dog gave place to faithfulness, docility, and understanding. Yet today man is so perverse in his nature that by his very treatment of the dog he runs the risk of re-fostering the old treachery and ferocity of earlier days. Having taught the animal to depend on him, and trust him, he chains him up by day and night, so that the appellation "guardian" becomes a useless mockery. All the best feelings in a dog's nature are brought to the surface, only to be ignored and overwhelmed. No wonder he yelps and whines for freedom, when treated so. His very frenzy and unbounded joy on being released should effectively

prove his gratitude and appreciation.

It is just as cruel to fasten up a dog for long periods as it is to shut up a human being in a room, deprived of friendship and creature comforts. Malefactors are imprisoned as a punishment—but why should our canine friends be submitted to such rigor? True, it is not done with any intention of punishment, but merely in senseless disregard of the dog's needs and feelings. Both in mind and body the dog has been created to enjoy a free and active existence. To deprive him of that right is to undermine his health, quite apart from the damage done to his nature. His temper will naturally suffer so that he will gradually come to regard humans as his enemies and tormentors instead of as his friends and benefactors. Alas! When he speaks in the only language he knows, and pleads for his liberty, he receives, not sympathy, but even harsher treatment, perhaps. No wonder he grows discontented.

A dog who has been fastened up too long is far more likely to attack people than is one who has had a more normal upbringing. A kennel should be provided for him, certainly—but he will not appreciate it nearly so much if he is chained to it out of all sense and reason. To be any use at all, the dog must be free to do his job—assuming that he is "on guard."

For those who are afraid of burglars, there can be no finer safeguard than a good house dog—particularly a fox terrier. And to be a house dog, he should be set on guard in the house—preferably in the hall. If he is properly trained, he will do no damage, and will utilize the special little niche prepared for him to lie down. At the slightest indication of anything wrong, he will be immediately alert, and will arouse the household. But fastened to his kennel in the yard, of what good is he? For he barks and yelps so often for his freedom that notice is not taken of him when real trouble is afoot. Dog lovers worthy of the name will never treat their canine friends this way, and will take steps to dissuade or prevent other dog owners from doing so.

Homes

So long as we have homes to which men turn

At close of day,

So long as we have homes where children are,

And women stay,

If love and loyalty and faith be found

Across those sills,

A stricken nation can recover from

Its gravest ills.

So long as we have homes where fires burn,
And there is bread;

So long as we have homes where lamps are lit

And prayers are said,

Although a people falter through the dark,
And nations grope,

With God, Himself, back of these little homes,

We have sure hope.

GRACE NOLL CROWELL



THIS IS "WIMPY," PRIZED PET OF N. S. FISCHMAN, ELMIRA, N. Y.

The Hunters' Holocaust

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

THERE were too many deer in the woods of Pennsylvania. The animals were deteriorating in quality. There was a scarcity of food; something must be done, the powers decreed, and that something was finally decided as an open season for does and antlerless bucks.

During at least the first of those six days of merciless slaughter, many schools in the vicinity of the big wood were closed. "No use trying to hold pupils in school" with such a glorious holiday on. Besides—many teachers had caught the hunting fever. Entire families, mothers as well as fathers, and every child over twelve, shouldered a gun and scurried to the chase; and each one, as a rule, soon added one victim to the family larder. Others, non-hunters, looked with amazement as car after car passed through their village, each with its helpless victim, spotted fawn or mother, strapped to the running board; or a man with a truck returned with the booty of several individuals.

The estimated kill was 100,000. The savage Indian always observed the rule never to kill more than needed at the time. There was never need under his management, for wholesale slaughter "for the good of the herd." Never scarcity of food for deer as well as hunter. We wonder how far wrong the Frenchman was in his estimate of the American as "One who wants to go out and kill something."

My Dog Is Dead

THE following editorial appeared recently in *The Boston Traveler*. The author, Mr. Toye, has long been a friend of our Society and of the wide world of animal life. We reproduce the editorial here because we know it will appeal to the vast multitudes who have passed through the same bitter experience.

"I'm a maudlin fool, of course. I cried when my dog died."

"I had little to do to cry over a dog when there are children dying. But I do cry when children die. Even my dog used to whimper his sympathy when one of our own children was ill. Our children cried when 'Ginger' was ill. I guess we all cried when Ginger did not breathe any more. We none of us cried audibly—just moistly. It was really our hearts that cried."

"Ginger had a lot to do with making a man of me. He was a stray that came into the office nearly twelve years ago. I took him home and he grew up with the children. How they romped together! He was happy and courageous and clean and, in short, a gallant gentleman."

"I studied him and he studied me. He would come over and just rest his chin on my knee—and look up. He wasn't asking for anything. He was merely indorsing our mutual friendship and respect. As I watched Ginger, I saw that he put his heart into whatever thing he might be doing. And when he fought Ginger never objected to the odds against him. His vocabulary knew no whine."

"Ginger was much more civilized than I. He knew how to relax. I tried to learn from him. Therein I failed, although by example he taught me better how to be a bit more of an all-round gentleman."

"To the very last Ginger kept to his code. In pain, he remembered. Torn by hemorrhage, he sounded no complaint. We were with him. That was all he ever asked of life, or of death—to be with us, whatever our fortune."

"I know I'm a maudlin fool. I wish I were as sure I am one part the gallant gentleman my dog was. Human beings are supposed to be superior to the beast."

A Determined Puppy

MARIE E. KOLZ

A PLAYFUL puppy in a garden of the rarest flowers! It could not be tolerated on account of the destruction that would be certain to result.

So thought Luther Burbank, the noted plant genius, as he watched uneasily the playful antics of a little brown and white fox terrier that had come into his yard and was romping happily at his feet.

Burbank had no idea where the puppy had come from but he felt that he must get rid of it as soon as possible. The kind man did not want to send the helpless dog away hungry so took it into the house and fed it before placing it outside his gate. He hoped the puppy would then go home but instead she found an opening in the fence and squeezed through and ran back joyfully to the worried man.

Burbank again put the puppy outside the gate but it was of no use for she hurried

back to him. Her playfulness and apparent trust in him quickly won a place in the famous man's heart for the little dog and he decided to give her a trial and to keep her if possible.

Thus started one of the finest and most devoted friendship between man and dog that has ever been recorded. Burbank gave his little pet a name of endearment, "Bonita." From the day Bonita came into his life, Burbank was a happier man for she became his constant companion, cherished, trusted, and loved always.

Bonita would follow Burbank around at his work and seemed to love his beautiful plants as much as he did. Never did she injure even one, and her master trusted her wherever he worked in his gardens, nothing being too rare or marvelous a creation for Bonita to come near. Man and dog were together day after day in beautiful and trusting companionship.

Bonita perhaps met more noted people than any other dog in the world ever did. Whenever anyone called to see her famous master, Bonita was there by his side to greet them. Among those visitors were some crowned heads and members of the nobility from different foreign countries as well as countless famous people of our own United States. Thomas Edison held the little fox terrier on his lap and was proud to do so although he was the great Edison to whom we owe a debt of gratitude for our electric lights.

Many happy years passed by for Burbank and his faithful pet, but sad days came when the kind man became seriously ill. Bonita stayed by his bed constantly and for three days before her loved master's death she would not eat. His trembling hand gave her a final pat one day, a touch that recalled many happy ones of the past.

Joy went from Bonita's life when her master's body was taken away, but when it was returned to the home to lie in state she crept into the room and found a place beneath the casket where she kept her last vigil among the banked-up flowers that both she and her master had loved so well.

Bonita lived several years after the death of Burbank and gave her affection and trust to Mrs. Elizabeth Waters Burbank, her master's widow. When Bonita died she was buried in the Experimental Garden where she had gone joyfully many times with her loved master.

Burbank, the noted horticultural genius, had taken into his heart the little dog that came so strangely into his life, determined to stay there. And Bonita, that little fox terrier, repaid the kind man through a faithfulness and a devotion that even death could not efface.

The new bound volume of "Our Dumb Animals," for 1938, is now ready. Price \$1.00, postpaid to any address.



GOLDEN-VOICED DEANNA DURBIN AND HER BELOVED PET, "TIPPY"

Deanna Durbin and "Tippy"

HELEN DOSS

FEW years ago a twelve-year-old girl in ankle socks and pig-tails walked into a Los Angeles pet shop. "I want a dog," she announced, clutching her precious two dollars and a bag of peanuts.

"Any particular kind?" the shopkeeper smiled.

The little girl's eyes roamed over the rows of cages. "Could I just kind of look around awhile?"

A telephone buzzed, and the man disappeared behind a stack of bird cages. "Go ahead," he called. "I'll be right back."

Around the room the little girl walked, offering peanuts to poodles and pekes, dachshunds and Dobermanns, collies and chows. But they all refused her offerings. Finally she reached a silky black pup that didn't look quite like a spaniel—or yet like a shepherd. But he gobbled up the peanut with relish and his brown eyes pleaded for more.

It didn't take the little girl long to make up her mind. "This is the dog I want!" she called gleefully to the approaching shopkeeper.

As the man later showed his happy customer to the door, he never dreamed that this youngster holding so tightly to her newfound friend would soon be a great singing star, adored by the world. For she was Deanna Durbin, the girl whose golden voice thrills all who hear her over the radio or on the screen.

Yet, in spite of all the fame and fortune the last few years have brought her, Deanna remains the simple, unspoiled girl of the pet shop. Ask her what is her greatest interest in life, and she will say, "Why, 'Tippy' is my greatest interest in life!"

Our Dumb Animals

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Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

FEBRUARY, 1939

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-two lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an *addressed envelope with full return postage* enclosed with each offering.

Canine Hysteria

CANINE hysteria, according to one theory, is due to "acute avitaminosis," says a writer in an exchange. Treatment in accordance with this assumption has yielded good results. The diet of the affected dog is changed to include sufficient vitamin B, which is found in red meat, yeast, whole wheat, egg yolk, and some other foods which are less suitable for dogs. Whole rice is good, but difficult to obtain. White bread is not good for dogs.

Highly-strung animals will benefit from an occasional addition to the diet of a vitamin B concentrate. This is obtainable in several proprietary forms, including certain preparations of live yeast.

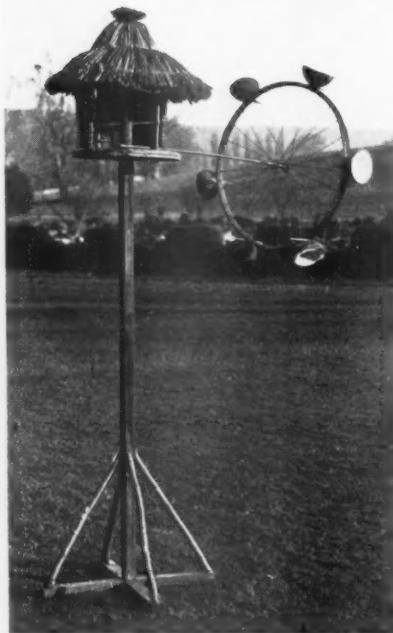
Attacks of canine hysteria can be temporarily controlled by sedative medicines, but in most cases only careful attention to the diet can remove the tendency to a recurrence of the trouble.

The Origin of the Bulldog

A writer in *The Animal World* tells us that "the bulldog has its origin in the barbarous custom of bull-baiting, which can be traced in England as far back as 1209. In this year of Grace, the Earl of Warren, Lord Stamford, stood on the walls of his castle Stamford, Lincolnshire, watching with amusement the fighting of two bulls in his castle grounds. The noise attracted some butcher's dogs which, disregarding the superior size and strength of the two bulls, started chasing them right through the streets of the town.

"The Earl, highly amused, was so pleased with the courage of the dogs that he immediately presented the meadow where the fight had taken place as a common to the butchers of the town, on condition that they should find a mad bull once a year, six weeks before Christmas, in order to provide some amusement for ever."

"Bull-baiting thus became the national sport. Czar Nicholas I, when still Czarevitch was taken to a bull-fight when he visited England. That disgusting sport was not made illegal by Act of Parliament until 1835."



From an English Garden

THIS wheel was once a part of a bicycle. Attached to it are halves of coconuts which attract the birds, who seem to enjoy not only the coconuts but the acrobatics which they have to resort to in order to obtain even a somewhat hurried bite as it revolves back and forth. What you see is just a glimpse of the beautiful estate—Harpsden Court at Henley-on-Thames.

If It Were His Last

That greatly-loved writer, O. O. McIntyre, wrote once, "Had I one more day to live, and the courage to carry on without whimpering, there are many of whom I should like to ask forgiveness for intentional and unintentional hurts.

"On my last day I should like to clasp the hand of every person who has helped me over the rough spots. In the hurry of everyday life there is a rude casualness in our attitude toward genuine friendship.

"I should like to recall the many little acts of selfishness toward those so near and dear to me. I should like to blot out useless falsehoods that brought only misery.

"What a priceless sense of peace, as the shadows fall, to be conscious of having tried to give the world as much happiness as it has given me! To feel I had never taken the slightest advantage of friend or foe and that my life had been an open book that all might read.

"Such idealistic thoughts perhaps sound mawkish to those in the full bloom of excellent health, yet given one day to live I am certain they are the sort that come to us all.

"Indeed, on the final day I think my greatest regret would be that I had fallen so far short of being the kind of son my mother wished me to be."

The twenty-fifth annual *Be Kind to Animals Week* will be observed from April 17 to April 22, with *Humane Sunday*, April 23.

Do You Know?

THAT far down almost at the very point of British India, more than 1,000 miles south of Bombay and something like 1,500 miles away from the famous city of Calcutta, is a city called Trivandrum, and that there is there a flourishing Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which issues a remarkably full report of its many activities? Among these are the distribution of literature and educational posters, essay competitions in schools. The service of its agents on highways giving warnings to those ill-treating animals and guarding against overloading and overdriving of bullock carts and against the use of cruel devices like whips and pointed goads; in many cases their agents stop animals to see that they have rest and water and that too heavy loads are lightened. This Society is certainly a bright beacon light in a land where for untold millions of animals darkness so widely prevails.

Near the Cedars of Lebanon

Our young representative in Syria, Mr. N. B. Matta, writes that during the month of November, seventeen animal-owners were brought to court charged with ill-treatment of their animals—that the mayors of several cities and towns in the Howran District (Syria) supervised the condition of animals in the homes of their owners endeavoring to find out whether the animals at these homes were properly taken care of. He further says he has published in Beirut papers a few articles on animal welfare. Eight dogs, six cats, three geese and two horses were looked after, having been rescued from cruel treatment. Three dogs, three cats, two horses and one ass were humanely put to sleep; four dogs, three horses, two cows and one donkey restored to their owners.

Organizing of Bands of Mercy, he says, has started now that the schools have opened again. Mr. Matta's work covers sections of Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan, his headquarters being at Merjayoun, Lebanon.

Leide and His Frogs

There is a monument in Philadelphia erected to Professor Joseph Leide, the most distinguished naturalist probably ever connected with the University of Pennsylvania. It is related of him that once, having collected a half dozen frogs for the purpose of studying their habits under certain conditions, he shut them up in a box for a little while until he could give the time necessary for his desired observations. Forgetting all about his captives, he left his home on some important errand. When he was six miles away he suddenly remembered them, and, lest they should suffocate because of his neglect, he walked back the whole distance to place them in comfortable quarters. This was told us by one familiar with the circumstances. It seems this regard for all sentient life was characteristic of the man.

It is not too late to order your *Humane Calendar* for 1939. See advertisement.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, *Treasurer*

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Attleboro, 3 Commonwealth Avenue

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Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN

CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work

Com. First Tuesday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C.

KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT T. PAYNE, Treas. Second

Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S.

TAYLOR, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Second Thursday.

**MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY
AND BRANCHES**

Miles traveled by humane officers...	14,993
Cases investigated.....	341
Animals examined.....	4,016
Animals placed in homes.....	211
Lost animals restored to owners.....	54
Number of prosecutions.....	4
Number of convictions.....	3
Horses taken from work.....	4
Horses humanely put to sleep....	79
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,334

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected.....	46,391
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	24

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and Dispensary for Animals

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Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR DECEMBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered	918
Dogs	679
Cats	230
Birds	5
Horses	3
Rabbit	1
Operations	991
Cases	2,555
Dogs	2,176
Cats	336
Birds	27
Horses	6
Guinea pigs	5
Monkeys	2
Chipmunk	1
Goat	1
Rabbit	1
Total	583,691

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 167,342

Dispensary cases 416,349

Total 583,691

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital 160
Cases entered in Dispensary 476
Operations 189

The "Horses' Christmas"

CHRISTMAS dinners were supplied for horses by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Using a large horse-drawn truck a hundred individual dinners were carried into the market and stable sections of the city and distributed. Other feed was made available to deserving drivers.

Humane Officers of the Society in Springfield, Pittsfield, Worcester, Wenham, Attleboro and Hyannis also provided free dinners.

The "Horses' Christmas," has been observed annually by the S. P. C. A. for twenty years. It has struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many who are glad to contribute something towards its continuance, even in spite of hard times and adverse conditions brought about by increased motor traffic. It originated here and, as an object lesson, appealing to the eyes and hearts of the thousands that witness it and have an actual part in it, it is both a popular Christmas observance and a public demonstration of humanity to animals.

Victor Hugo once wrote, "What is the highest faculty of the soul? Is it genius? No, it is goodness, kindness. When there is nothing under the left breast there can be nothing perfect in the head. Genius is a great heart."

Our Branch Auxiliaries

II. Springfield

ON January 27, 1933, twenty-five prominent matrons and club women of Springfield and Holyoke met at the Hospital of the Springfield Branch, Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Bliss Street, and organized the Women's Auxiliary of the Springfield Branch. After addresses by Mrs.



MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE

President, Springfield Branch Auxiliary
to Mass. S. P. C. A.

Edith Washburn Clarke of the main Auxiliary in Boston and the prosecuting officer of the Springfield Branch, officers were elected to serve the new Auxiliary. Mrs. Donald C. Kibbe of 74 Warren Terrace, Longmeadow, was chosen as the first president and she has been re-elected to that office every year since.

The Springfield Auxiliary, which attracted to its membership the outstanding society leaders in that city and near-by communities, was a marked success from the start. Due to the initiative and organizing ability of Mrs. Kibbe, the rapid growth in members was marked by a constructive program of meetings with distinguished speakers, many unique features of social entertainment, and wide press publicity. The publication of a club book of recipes, of which hundreds of copies were sold to swell the treasury, the holding of an annual "June Day" on prominent estates, which became one of the chief events of the social calendar of Springfield, the stressing of humane education in the schools of the city—these are but a few of the many high lights in the six prosperous years of this Auxiliary's existence.

With a remarkable record of attracting prominent and enthusiastic workers to the cause, the Auxiliary has raised its standing in Springfield until it is believed to be second to none of its kind in importance and influence in the country.

Both Washington and Lincoln were great lovers of animals and always kind to them.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1869

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
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Humane Press Bureau

Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston

Field Workers of the Society

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weatherbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
Mrs. Jennie R. Toomin, Chicago, Illinois
Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representatives

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Field Lectures in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR DECEMBER, 1938

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 918
Number of addresses made, 276
Number of persons in audiences, 37,485

For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Of One Blood

ONE of the most celebrated Jews who ever lived, the world still knows him as Paul the Apostle to the Gentiles, once said that we are all of one blood. This man was born a Roman citizen. His travels took him through Asia Minor and Greece and even into Rome. It is possible that he also visited Spain. Isn't it rather interesting to find his words confirmed by the leading scholars of today who have devoted their lives to the study of the race question, and who tell us

(1) It is not legitimate to argue from differences in physical characteristics to differences in mental characteristics.

(2) Physical and mental characteristics of races are not permanent, nor are they modifiable only through long ages. On the contrary, they are capable of being profoundly modified in a few generations by changes in education, public sentiment and environment generally.

(3) The status of a race at any particular time offers no index as to its innate or inherited capacities.

To talk of any race or any man as absolutely of pure blood is about as great a folly as to say that the waters of the Mississippi which finally reach the sea are nothing but the pure water of the first spring from which the river had its source. Through that journey from the spring to the sea a thousand different streamlets have joined it on its way.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for November — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	50.1
Forage for same	\$ 4.86
Put to sleep	48
Transportation	5.98
Daily average dogs	5
Forage for same	2.02
Wages, grooms, watchmen, etc.	53.15
Superintendent's salary	66.44
Veterinaries' salaries	11.95
Motor ambulance upkeep	4.66
Motor bicycles upkeep	4.56
Sundries	33.41
Actual operating expenses	\$193.17

Entries: 15 horses, 20 mules, 82 donkeys.
Exits: 8 horses, 11 mules, 47 donkeys.
Outpatients treated: 111 horses, 63 mules, 106 donkeys, 3 dogs, 7 animals transported in ambulance. Sent by Police Dept., 9 animals.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all native Fondouks.

SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 642 cases investigated, 9,362 animals seen, 1,138 animals treated, 92 animals hospitalized by us from above, 12 Arab bits and pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

One Day's Work in November

THURSDAY, 3rd: 7 a.m. Usual work. 8.30 a.m. to 10.30 a.m. Souk el Khemis, Casbat ben Debbab and Fes Jedid-Mellah inspections. Sent in one horse and one donkey to be put to sleep. Put to sleep one mule at Casbat ben Debbab. Sent one donkey to Hospital. On returning to Fondouk saw a mule near Bab Jiaf fallen on the way and in such a bad condition that it was unable to rise. Put it to sleep on the spot with consent of owner, a native countryman. 11 a.m. visit of Dr. Bouguereau. Men white-washing ward for contagious cases. 11.30 a.m. visit of Dr. Morgan, Missionary in Fez, and Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Caneday, American Missionaries in Tangier. 1 p.m. to 3 p.m. cleaning forage room and making account of barley. 3.30 p.m. to 3.40 p.m. Bou Jeloud-Talaa inspections. 4.30 p.m. visit of Mrs. Cecil M. Porch and Lonie Vassia-Piccone, of Monte Carlo, friends of Mr. Williams. They wrote in our visitors' book: "We are so pleased that the Fondouk is doing such wonderful work after having taken interest in it from Monte Carlo and knowing Mr. Williams personally." (Mrs. Porch has arranged an Annual Subscription of Frs. 500.) Animals in Hospital: 53.

G. DELON, Superintendent

In My Garden

VELA EDWARDS

*The Grecian Urns are missing,
The walks are only fair,
But trees and berry bushes
Are simply everywhere!
And if you're feeling downcast
You're always sure to see
Some squirrels out to charm you
With acrobatic glee.*

*There are no formal fountains,
But bird baths hide away
Among old-fashioned flowers,—
So gaudy, but so gay!
And if you need uplifting,
Why then, just come along.
My garden's rich in bird life
And, therefore, rich in song.*

*It's almost like a wildwood,—
There's nothing much to show,
But here is all that high heart
Should look upon and know;
The gate shuts out all weary,
Small goals that hurry man.
So come into my garden
And glimpse God's loving plan.*

Sending Stamps

THE response to our request for used stamps has been so generous and kindly that we are now obliged to ask only for foreign stamps, or in denominations of 10c. and over. Stamps printed on an envelope, such as are bought at the post office, are of no value.

Mr. Burgess to Lecture

As part of its observance of Humane Sunday (April 23, 1939) and Be Kind to Animals Week (April 17-22) the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has arranged with the popular nature writer, Mr. Thornton W. Burgess, to present his lecture, "Friendly Folks Along the Trails," in the lecture room of the Boston Public Library, Copley Square, on Sunday, April 23, at 3:30 P. M. Both lantern slides and films will be used to illustrate the subject. Entrance to the hall is from Boylston Street. Doors open at 2 P. M. Free to all. Those who heard Mr. Burgess in similar lectures in previous years, know what a treat awaits them.

Mrs. Albert Leffingwell

Word has just come to us from Mr. Thomas A. Leffingwell of Aurora, New York, of the passing of his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Leffingwell, on December 21 last. Many of our readers will recall her late husband, Dr. Albert Leffingwell, prominent humanitarian and expert writer on vivisection from an ethical point of view. For many years Mrs. Leffingwell was a valued subscriber to *Our Dumb Animals*, sending it to a number of children. She was ever interested in her husband's work whereby the true facts of cruel vivisections were given to the public fearlessly and with the authority of a medical man of high standing in his profession. Two sons survive, Thomas A. Leffingwell of Aurora and Albert Leffingwell of White Plains, N. Y.

Burros

E. MERRILL ROOT

I watched the little burros go
Up the white roads of Mexico—
Esoteric, deft, and wise
With something subtle in their eyes.
I heard the music of their feet
Padding with a dainty beat.

On their backs,—immense and gay,—
Loomed the cargoes of the day:
Jars or baskets made to vie
With bronze-red sun and violet sky;
Or a huge brown Indian
Kicking heels around their span.

Yet no matter what their load,
Serene they ambled up the road:
They had found the better part—
A wisdom of the ancient heart;
Each seemed to me to say: "Heigho!
"Our backs can carry Mexico!"

Spanish Legacy

RUTH JEAN CANFIELD

YOU'VE often heard the phrase "wild horses couldn't drag it out of him"—or her, as the case may be.

Just what are wild horses?

"Mustangs," cowboys will tell you, "and they make mighty good saddle-horses, if you can catch one," they will add.

But if you should ask officials in the federal grazing division they will tell you, and emphatically, "They're range pests, that's what they are, especially when they get too numerous."

Many a cowboy has yearned to possess a mustang for his own special saddle-horse. These wild horses are but two-thirds the size of the domestic horse, and are exceedingly fleet-footed. This fleetness is not only a handicap to the would-be catcher, but coupled with the animal's acute senses of hearing and smelling, makes capture exceedingly difficult.

Sometimes cowboys institute their own private "round-ups." Then they are much pleased when they manage to catch several mustangs, even though they are well aware of the fact that the mere catching isn't the half of it. Breaking a mustang to the saddle is a job all by itself.

In the rugged, isolated region in the Arizona country between the Grand Canyon and Utah border, the wild horses roam in bands led by fighting, vicious stallions. And these animals are very wary—chary—of the scent of man.

However, the graziers do not depend on the usual cowboy method to stage a big round-up. Instead they make elaborate preparations. Huge corrals are built. Fifty or more cowboys are "handpicked." An airplane is called into service.

When everything is in readiness for the round-up, the pilot flies very low. The roaring motor terrifies the wild horses. They become panicky. And then the race is on. The cowboys are on choice mounts, but often they seem to be pursuing phantoms, so fleet are the frightened animals. Through it all the motor roars deafeningly.

But the wild things put up a good fight for their liberty. Many are known to run

for 15 to 20 miles at an almost incredible speed. Sometimes they drop from sheer exhaustion.

To corral a hundred of these bewildered, frightened creatures is considered a fair result for a couple of days of exceptionally hard work. The corralled mustangs are later put up at auction.

Such is the "Spanish legacy," for the mustang is descended from the horses imported into America by the Spanish Conquistadores. While bands of them may be found in various parts of the west coast States, they are particularly numerous in the Southwest and in Mexico.

Editor's Note: One can't help wondering what sufferings these unfortunate little horses endure while being rounded up and saddle broken.

"Kitten"

CLEMENTINE ELKINS

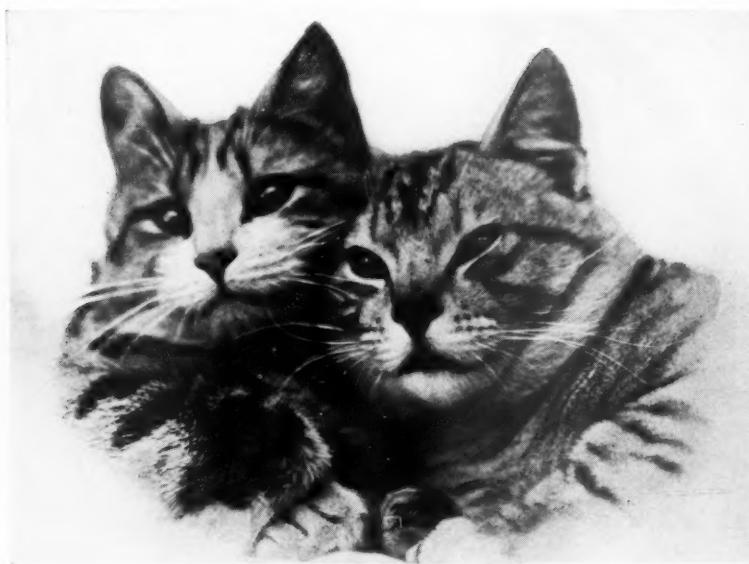
ONE cool spring evening we were astonished to see a little kitten emerge from under the stove of our summer cottage. It walked with such dainty grace: so suave; not hurried; not frightened; simply looking the place over as to its desirability as a place of residence.

We ordinarily live in a hotel, where cats are taboo; but our hearts warmed to this self-assured little creature with its indolent but purposeful step, exploring the world, intent on finding a home.

We know and love cats, recognizing their discriminating taste when choosing their friends. This kitten seemed to change a vacation camp into a home.

To say that we felt honored that this little representative of the most independent and dignified of living creatures desired to make its home with us, is putting it mildly.

Knowing that cats make cool appraisal and are self-absorbed, we even felt a bit anxious as to the verdict. One tentatively offered milk, which was accepted, not with avidity, but most graciously, and partaken of as a dainty gesture toward friendliness. But still that leisurely, prowling tread till each corner was explored and considered.



"OSCAR" AND "GUSTAV"

Here sat the family in conclave. Did we want the kitten? We did. Could we keep the kitten? Not if we returned to the hotel in the autumn.

Then I piped up, "Well, I was considering getting a little house, and in that case—"

I found a little house and this precious tiny bit of felicity and I live in it and like it.

Though cats have that self-sufficiency and lack of co-operation which does not promote mutual aid and support, still it is surprising what latent possibilities develop when one makes a companion of one of them.

I talk to my kitten and it seems to understand and responds in many tones and inflections which are quite expressive. Whenever I go, four little feet follow me: Whatever I do, two little eyes watch me; and one little cat tries to understand the why and wherefore of things.

When I am out at night it never fails to meet me quite a distance away, with gay courtships, weaving circles about me, punctuated by happy little leaps and bounds, not a meow to intimate a desire for food, just sheer joy to have me home again. The fact is, I suspect it of strange diet in these nocturnal prowls. I often feel that behind its sphinx-like expression there is knowledge of many experiences gained by employing its native craft and cunning.

One of the most amusing things Kitten does is helping me with my gardening. Each day I used to feel sure it would lose a paw as it played in and out around my hoe, but each time, by the margin of a split second, its agility would win and it would peer into the fresh soil for worms with which to amuse itself. Its ready initiative sometimes gets it into a bit of a predicament, though its resourcefulness generally gets it out again.

Such courage and such initiative as Kitten often shows! Do we not gain as much as we give in helping these little friends on their upward path?

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals when making your will.



GREAT HORNED OWLS

Birds That Prey by Night

THE great horned or hoot owls, which are permanent residents of Eastern North America, bear an unsavory reputation, especially among poultry and game keepers. These formidable and rapacious birds have been called "tigers of the bird world." Though dignified and imposing in appearance they are savage and untamable and very destructive of both bird and animal life. With their many bad habits, however, they should not be regarded as wholly unworthy of respect. They are omnivorous consumers of many noxious animals and insects, including mice and rats. Their principal prey is the troublesome rodents that infest the fields. Let us give them their just due and not be too hasty in charging them with upsetting the balance of nature.

Begged for Human Aid

ERNIE C. MATTESON

I LIVED for some years in the state of Washington, where I "proved up" on some government land. I had a log cabin, ten miles from the nearest neighbor. In winter, when snow covered the ground, I would always scrape clean a patch near the cabin and scatter wheat, and bread crumbs for the various sorts of birds. Most varieties would eat, then fly away at once, but the native pheasants did nothing of the sort. They'd stay and scratch among the fir and spruce needles and alder leaves that I had uncovered until they had found the last grain or crumb.

There are scarcely any snakes in western Washington, none except a few garter snakes and an occasional blacksnake. Last season, after warm weather came, I discovered that a pheasant had built her nest within a hundred feet of the cabin, almost at the verge of a steep canyon. From the drumming sound of many pheasants I decided several had nested near by. But this one particular bird had nested closer than any others. The nest was on the ground, surrounded by a low wall of sticks and leaves. She was fairly tame and never

flew away unless I came right up to the nest, which I seldom did.

One day, while clearing underbrush near by, I saw the old bird flutter up from her nest and fly into a cedar tree. Then she saw me and, without any hesitation, flew and lighted within two feet of me. She was giving her cry of distress all this time, "Pree, pree, pree." She fluttered back toward the nest, turning her head continually to see if I were following. I followed right behind her and when she got near the nest again she flew onto a cedar branch, still giving her distress calls. I peeped into the brush and the nest and saw a big black snake just beginning to swallow a small, downy ball of feathers, for the eggs had begun to hatch.

I grabbed the reptile by the tail and swung him into the narrow gulch, from which I knew he would not get back to the nest. The old pheasant returned to the nest very cautiously, "peeping" anxiously to her little birds. Soon I could hear her contented "Chitter, chitter, chitter." A few days later I saw her, with ten baby birds, scratching in the leaves. It certainly was a case of intelligence on the part of a wild thing that needed human aid.

To a Baby Grebe

THEODORA BATES COGSWELL

*Little living periscope,
Across a stirless lake
You came—just neck and head—that left
A lovely rippling wake.
Suddenly you dived—again
The silver pool grew still
Until you rose, ten yards away,
When you had caught your fill.*

*Thus it was I saw you pass
Full three long years ago;
And oft and oft I've looked in vain
To see more ripples flow.
The quiet lake reflects the sky—
Its surface shows no track.
O little grebe, now grown and wise,
Come—with your babies—back.*

"As Black as a Crow"

ALETHA M. BONNER

THE crow is considered an undesirable neighbor in most agricultural communities, and the phrase "As black as a crow" is not only applied to his dress, but to his character, as well.

In reality, though, this bird of the sable suit is not as *black* as he is painted. True, farmers charge him with pulling up sprouting corn, pecking holes in their melons and other mischievous and destructive deeds, but they lose sight of the bird's serviceable work of following in the wake of the plowman's furrows, and picking out from the fresh, upturned sod legions of worms, field mice, larvae and the like, which if not destroyed would in time damage the growing crop.

One should not forget the millions of flies, spiders, caterpillars, grasshoppers and grubs, not to overlook weed-seed, all of which go to make up the bird's menu. The cawing fellow really might be given the sobriquet of "G-man" (or "G-bird"), because of his untiring work of helping to rid the field, orchard, and garden world of the ever-increasing insect menace.

It is a regrettable fact, however, that this useful bird, who does his part in keeping the insect-public-enemies under control, has so many hands turned against him. No county, state, or Federal law protects him, and in certain communities a reward is offered for his head.

Because of this unfriendly, human attitude, the crow has ever been forced to wage a battle for existence; but such is his shrewdness his struggle for life has ever proved successful. It is his sagacity that once caused Henry Ward Beecher, of pulpit fame, to remark that "if men wore feathers and wings, very few of them would be clever enough to be crows!" Another oft-quoted statement of complimentary trend deals with the swift and direct flight of the strong-winged bird, "As straight as a crow flies."

Knowing no fear, the birds seek prominent perches, preferring the upper branches of a tree to the lower. Here in the treetops they build their nest—a roughly constructed abode on the outside, where may be found from four to six greenish-blue eggs with markings of brown and, later, the gawky offspring.

The young crows are very mischievous. They are fond of gay colors, and if a bright bit of glass, or a red button takes their fancy, they in turn take the trinket, whatever it is, hiding it away in a tree nook, or even burying it as a dog does a bone. They are great mimics, and this fact doubtless gave rise to the old belief that if a crow's tongue is split, it will talk. Such a cruel practice is entirely wrong and unsuccessful. It should be disconcerted.

"The Rev. I. K. Baker has bagged a rabbit each day without leaving his back porch. Shot-gun in hand, he seats himself in a comfortable chair after breakfast and waits. Invariably, he says, a rabbit comes within range."—Associated Press despatch from Winfield, Penn.

This minister must have a busy parish!
J. H. H. in *Unity*

Boys and Air Rifles

L. D. CHAPMAN

WHILE our lawmakers concern themselves with trying to hatch up some new law to put on the statute books, I wonder if any of them have ever given a moment's thought to the damage that thoughtless boys can do to our songbirds.

When a boy starts out, armed with an air rifle, and considering every living thing his lawful prey, he can work more havoc among our songbirds, than all of the stray cats in the community. The boy has all the advantages, for where the cat must get hold of the bird, and that is usually hard to do, the boy can reach out from a distance of fifty feet or more, and kill, cripple, or frighten every bird out of the neighborhood.

It is hard to believe that every boy is naturally cruel. They simply don't realize the pain and misery they are causing among our wild life, and I am sure that most boys, once they were shown the cruelty of shooting at every living thing that comes within their range of vision, would join us wholeheartedly in trying to correct the great mistake.

All summer I have had birds of a dozen varieties, who were regular visitors each day. A few bread crumbs or a little grain, scattered each morning, has insured me plenty of guests. About a month ago, I noticed there was a sudden thinning out among my little friends. At first I was at loss for a reason for this sudden abandonment. I watched them closely for a few days and one afternoon I discovered the cause.

There were a dozen or more birds feeding peacefully, when suddenly a couple of boys with air rifles, appeared on the scene. "Ping, Ping," spoke the guns; a sparrow and a starling lay dead on the ground.

Before the boys had a chance to do any more damage, I was outside. They started to run, but I called them back. For half an hour, I reasoned with them and explained the cruelty they had done. Before I was through, each boy had begun to realize the gravity of the offense and promised faithfully that he would not shoot any more and would talk to the other boys in the neighborhood about it.

There has been no more shooting among my little friends and I again have plenty of regular visitors. Those boys were not naturally cruel. They simply had never been taught to respect the rights of our little wild friends, but once they realized that they have as much right to live as we have, they were more than willing to co-operate in giving them a chance to live.

Protection of wild life should be taught in every school in the country, and I believe that it would go a long way toward curbing much of the youthful crime that we now have.

It is only reasonable to assume that a boy who has been taught to respect the rights of animals and birds will likewise respect the rights of the public.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Islands of "Wideawakes"

Strange Bird Colonies of the South Pacific

EWEN K. PATTERSON

AMONG the most remarkable sights to be seen in the South Pacific Ocean are scores of small sandy islands, off the coast of North Queensland, Australia, that are the homes of countless millions of sooty terns (or "wideawakes," as they are popularly termed).

The islands are uninhabited except for the birds, and, in most cases, they are so teeming with birds that it is almost impossible to walk on them without stepping on a bird or nest of eggs.

As the islands are approached they appear to have floating above them dark clouds, which are continually moving and changing shape. These clouds ultimately resolve themselves in wheeling, soaring masses of sooty terns—millions of the birds, and their incessant cries, heard half a mile away as a shrill murmur, become a deafening, ear-splitting clamor as the islands are reached.

The popular name of the sooty terns, "wideawakes," is very appropriate, for the birds never appear to sleep. Night and day, without cessation, they keep up an awful din. Nevertheless, they are beautiful birds, and on their island homes, which are rarely visited by man, they have absolutely no sense of fear of visitors; they can be handled and carried about without the least resistance. Sometimes, however, a nesting bird may become indignant when a visitor strays too close and she shows her annoyance with a stab of her sharp beak.

On the islands the birds invariably lay their eggs haphazard on the surface of the sand without even a pretense of a nest (as shown in the accompanying photograph), although occasionally a nest may be scratched together out of a few fronds of sea-weed.

The birds nest very closely together, and it is amazing how they ever manage to find their way back to their right nest, once they have left it. The male and female take turns to keep the eggs warm until they incubate, and then they both set to work to fish and feed the ungainly, downy nestlings that hatch out.

Although other birds occasionally land on these islands of "wideawakes," the terns do not seem to appreciate such visitors for

very rarely do the intruders stay long on the islands.

The terns nest throughout the summer months, and when about six weeks old the baby birds shed their downy coat and don the beautiful black and white attire of their parents.

Birds and the Emotions

ANN C. MORITIS

We read and hear considerable of the economic value of birds to man—and not enough, it may be said. But one aspect not often stressed is their esthetic or emotional contribution to our well-being. Apart from their dollar value, I suspect that many of us would find the world a bit more dreary, more cruel to our ragged spirits without the joyous presence of the songsters.

Most of our enjoyments are made up of sights and sounds. It is a hardened heart which cannot or will not respond to these stimuli offered by birds. Their wonderful forms, colors, and movements are worthy of study and appreciation. It will return dividends a thousandfold. They will set the spine a tingling, as, for instance, a flock of sea gulls soaring and wheeling in martial array through the golden sunshine, above the limpid blue of bay or harbor. Or the friendly little chickadees, adding cheer to the gloomy winter landscape, will creep into your heart and send up little bubbles of delight to find vent in moistened eyes. And on a quiet summer day, when woods and meadows ring joyously with the song of bobolink or call of jay, then will the human heart be warm and happy and serene, at peace with God and man. It is my opinion that these values rather than economic considerations, eventually prove to be the world's motivating power.

Blended Beauty

THEODORA BATES COGSWELL

*Pigeon's neck and grackle's throat,
Turkey's tail and rooster's plume,
Iridescent tints that float*

*In the peacock's wide-spread bloom—
Hues which shift, like those that range
Through a sea-shell's opal change—*

*Never can man's art devise
Loveliness so soft as lies
In those heaven-blended dyes!*



A PAIR OF SOOTY TERNS ("WIDEAWAKES") AND THEIR EGGS ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF NORTH QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
 GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
 E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One thousand one hundred and fifty new Bands of Mercy were organized during December. Of these, 555 were in Illinois, 197 in Massachusetts, 142 in Rhode Island, 60 in Florida, 57 in Maine, 52 in Virginia, 37 in South Carolina, 35 in Georgia, seven in Tennessee, five in Texas, and one each in Michigan, Philippine Islands, and British West Indies.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 236,753.

"Honey"

ADA M. MORGAN

ONE of Abraham Lincoln's wonderful characteristics was his deep love for animals. Anything hurt or helpless never appealed in vain for his sympathy and help, and it was this trait that won him his dearest pet, "Honey."

Honey was "just a dog" that little Abraham found one day when he was returning along the forest road that ran the several miles from the Lincoln's cabin to the mill. Abraham was a very young lad at the time, but it was one of his duties to carry the corn to the mill to be ground into meal. On this particular, hot summer day, little Abraham had a doubly hard job. He had found a dog with a broken leg—a good-sized dog which he carried along the road to a spring where he could attend to its injury.

A neighbor watched the boy, and often told of how Abraham laid the dog in the shade of some bushes, then sat down and held it to his breast and soothed it with gentle talk, telling it that soon it would be well because he would fix its hurt.

Then the boy brought the dog a drink from the spring and began shaping two splints for the broken leg. As best he could he straightened the leg and bound the splints on with soft pawpaw bark and rawhide.

All the time he was working he talked to the dog, calling it "Honey" as though it were a child, and explaining how the injury must be treated. The dog seemed to understand, somehow—at least he knew the boy's kind heart and loved him, for he whined his gratitude and licked the hands that held him. And when Abraham picked up his sack of meal to go on home he stooped now and then, as he walked slowly along, to stroke the head of the dog that hopped along on three legs beside him.

Lincoln's mother helped him nurse his new pet and when he wanted a name for it she suggested "Honey" as fitting because he loved it so much and because that was the name he used when he comforted it.



THE STORKS' FOUNTAIN, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

All of Abraham's love and care, however, could not keep Honey's leg from being twisted when it healed. This made the boy very unhappy for a time, for he thought Honey would be badly crippled. But soon he saw that Honey was without pain and was very active and happy. True, the dog was ugly, but he was also smart, and he and his master loved each other.

For years the boy and dog were almost inseparable companions. Never would Lincoln allow anyone to tease or hurt Honey. He disliked quarrels but he would fight for his pet. Later, Honey brought help to his young master when Lincoln got fastened between two rocks in a cave. The boy was very proud of his dog; he hugged Honey and patted him, and said to a playmate: "Now, you see, Honey has paid me back for mending his broken leg."

Bird Calls as Hobbies

BESSIE L. PUTNAM

One caretaker in a state bird-refuge claims to know every one of the more than three hundred bird notes of the winged friends in his own state. We may not be able to attain to so many recognitions, yet what more worthy or more interesting subject for either child or adult wanting a new hobby to investigate?

Begin with the most familiar birds. Chickadee, killdeer, bobwhite, and whip-poor-will speak their names quite distinctly. There is the clear whistle of the cardinal, the rich melody or the startled me-ow of the catbird; the song of the robin in the rain or the cry of distress when a cat appears among its fledglings. Many birds have more than one vocal utterance, and each has its own special meaning. Make note of them as you hear them; and with them, if possible, give interpretations.

This is a hobby bound to bring added pleasure and zest to life. It is inexpensive and proof of the old song, "There's music everywhere." It brings a clearer interpretation of the lives of the little songsters.

A Charming Fountain

ANTONIA J. STEMPLE

OF the numerous charming public fountains which adorn so many squares and streets in the Old World, there are few indeed which have a greater appeal or are more graceful and beautiful than the lovely Storks' fountain which stands in the midst of a busy square on the Stroget in Copenhagen, a long, narrow, winding thoroughfare, a sort of glorified Main street, and one of the most interesting sights in the Danish capital.

The Storks' fountain commemorates nothing and nobody but is just a happy representation in stone of a people's love for Nature. From the top of the fountain's pedestal springs a sheaf of cattails, while three large, graceful storks with outspread wings a-flutter poise below. At the base of the shaft are sculptured more cattails and various other water grasses, while jolly looking bullfrogs sit on the edge of the large water basin, spouting streams of water from their wide-open mouths. The entire fountain and its motif and spirit are utterly captivating and it is a blessed relief from the stereotyped in public fountains. Storks, by the way, are quite common in Denmark.

Many flowers close their petals at night for two reasons; to prevent the night winds blowing the pollen away; and to keep out insects which would prevent pollination.

Fishes, men and all animals with a spine also have gill slits. These form the breathing apparatus in the fish, but in man are atrophied and useless. Scientists claim we have something like one hundred and eighty useless gadgets in our bodies, among which is a single eye set in the middle of the head; but that this third eye is no larger than a pea, and is hidden behind the skull. Is this what is referred to sometimes as "the mind's eye"?



Woodland Waifs of Winter

DOROTHEA K. GOULD

DID you ever hear the faint mouse-like call of "zeep-zeep" as you strolled on a woodland trail in the winter time? If you ever have heard one of these faint woodland sounds you probably had difficulty in locating its origin or determining just who gave this faint call.

If you could examine many tree trunks you might be able to locate these creatures, and if you did, you would see that they are the little brown creepers of the tree trunks.

The brown creeper is very slender, and its color blends so accurately with the natural color and ridges of the bark that it is almost invisible.

The brown creeper begins inspecting the tree near the ground and then runs spirally to the upper branches. He never works with his head down, and he is always so preoccupied in his search for insects that he never notices if anyone is watching.

The bill of the brown creeper is long and awl-shaped, enabling him to pick up only the tiniest of morsels, rejecting anything that is large.

These little brown birds live in old trees, full of crevices and holes, and are so tiny that they can always escape the ravages of storm by vanishing into a very small crevice. These birds live together in little families, and snuggle cozily together in their tree-trunk homes like little children snuggled cozily in bed. In this way they are able to keep warm and able to survive the winter.

The next time you take a winter walk in the woodlands you will know these faint little calls of "zeep-zeep" when you hear them.

Mother Bear and Her Cubs

WILLIAM L. KIDD

MOTHER BEAR ambled through the sun-specked woods with her two-month-old cubs until the youngsters came upon two nice bones. The cubs immediately became busy, while Mother hunted for something she could dine upon. She was a hundred yards away from the cubs when she saw—a man! He was nearing the cubs. Mother Bear lumbered at amazing speed toward him, and as she passed her babies she made a low whining sound that meant "Danger, look out!" Instantly the cubs quit their luscious bones, raced to the nearest trees and sat up at the foot of the trunk, all ready to climb if Mother said so.

Mother Bear advanced slowly, now, toward the man, showing her teeth, swinging her head. But the man did not move. She stopped when about 30 feet away, hesitated—then suddenly jumped forward, slapping the ground hard with her front paws, lips drawn back ferociously as she frowned and growled ominously. Still the man did not move. The cubs did, though. They thought trouble had started so they each climbed up their respective trees. But Mother was not looking for trouble, neither was the man. Seeing no harm or threat coming, Mother Bear turned and ambled back to the cubs' trees. She sounded "Come down!" They slid to the earth and, as close to their Mother's side as they could get, ambled on into the forest.



My Baby

JEANETTE NOURLAND

*I love her little baby nose
So soft and round and pink;
Her tiny mouth of coral-rose
Is kissable, I think;
And underneath her silken suit
Her heart goes pitty-pat,
She's so adorable and cute—
My baby kitty-kat.*

Two Dozen Hidden Animals

ALFRED I. TOOKE

IN each of the following sentences THREE animals are hidden. See if you can find them all.

1. I don't care whether I have a tunic or not, but I think this tunic at half the price would be a very poor bargain.
2. The car I bought had a drab bit of blanket for a seat cover that we must wash or send to the laundry.
3. If the sleep I get rests me enough we will land our cargo at noon and there will be a roast apple apiece for your dessert.
4. This is quite a comic owl you drew, also a most eery-looking ghost, and you do good scenery, too.
5. I prefer retaining the roses, so you may send them oleander blossoms, which are good enough.
6. They are all ambitious to have the lease allotted, so the lawyer will come right away as the job is only a little one.
7. With a light tap I roused this man who seemed smart enough to do the work, and for a tyro he managed nicely.
8. I gave a cop directing traffic a melting ice-cream cone, and saw him lick it ten times and then throw the empty cone upon your garbage truck as it passed.

Spring Pasture

JUDY VAN DER VEER

I never saw such silly cows
As my cows are today,
We turned them in the pasture,
They all began to play.

They galloped up the hillside,
Like horses running free,
They all cavorted down again,
And shook their horns at me.

Their bells are ringing wildly
To celebrate the day,
The youngest calf and oldest cow
Think spring is here to stay!

Four-footed War Heroes

HETTY ROGERS

WHEN God gave the horse to man He gave much more than a beast of burden—He gave a blessing to all races of people. The dark-skinned Arab of the desert and the Indian of the forest and plain have been served as faithfully as the white race. The peasant woman who has hitched him to a plow received the same true service as the Emperor who has ridden him leading an army to battle.

He has been no respecter of persons and man's debt to him can never be estimated.

Perhaps the first famous horse to appear in history was "Bucephalus," a giant horse which no one dared to ride. Alexander the Great, then a boy of twelve, mounted the fiery animal and rode him till he tamed him. King Philip was greatly pleased with his son's bravery and prowess and immediately presented the horse to him. It carried him through many wars and when it died Alexander erected a monument for it and later built a city which he called Bucephalus, in honor of the steed he had loved so much.

Garibaldi, the Italian patriot, was a friend of animals. Many stories are told of his kindness to horses. The most interesting and pathetic was his parting with "Messala," the beautiful white horse that had carried him through many battles. In 1849, being greatly outnumbered by those who were opposed to Italian unity, he was driven into marshes and pine woods near Ravenna where he was forced to bid farewell to his faithful companion of many years. Kissing Messala on the forehead, he left him in the keeping of a loyal peasant and fled for his life to the seacoast where he later sailed to America.

Washington was both a lover of horses and a notable horseman. His attachment to his famous war horse, "Nelson," is well known. When the war was over Nelson was pensioned, Washington vowing that the faithful animal should never wear a saddle again. He was turned out to pasture where he enjoyed an old age of ease and plenty. Washington visited him almost daily.

No officer with stars on his shoulders ever did a more heroic deed than William McKinley. He was especially fond of horses, and well he might be, for a horse carried him to important service in the Civil War. He was chosen to take a message to General Hayes to the 13th West Virginia Regiment. Mounting his idolized horse "Bob-tail," he

dashed away over fences and ditches, in plain view of the enemy, with bullets and shells whistling and bursting around him. He went safely to the regiment on Bob-tail's back.

No story of a war horse is better known, at least in America, than that told in the poem, "Sheridan's Ride," in which "Rienzi" has been immortalized. It was in the early morning of that fateful day, that Sheridan mounted his coal-black charger and rode to battle from "Winchester twenty miles away." When he reached the scene of the conflict, the soldiers were so inspired by his presence that the defeat which seemed sure was turned to victory. According to his own statement made to a friend at that time, Sheridan rode two horses on that famous ride. He started out on "Winchester," and rode him until just before the final attack, when he changed to Rienzi. This noted horse was burned in the Chicago fire of 1871, Winchester went by the aid of a taxidermist to the military institute at Governor's Island.

So the war horses pass in review. Many more there are whose names are not familiar, whose services remain unsung.

John J. Ingalls' Prose Poem

One of the most exquisite prose painters which American public life has ever produced was the late Senator John J. Ingalls of Kansas. Whenever it was known that the brilliant Kansan was to speak the galleries of the Senate chamber were invariably packed. Usually he was caustic and vindictive—in fact something of a wasp, whose sting was the dread and terror of his adversaries in debate, but sometimes he indulged his exuberant fancy, painting the most poetic pictures. The following apostrophe to grass is an inspiration. Said he:

"Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the severe frosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the nude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place and pre-

vent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitudes of the deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates and determines the history, character and the destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfares and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the sense with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world."

Have you seen the Humane Calendar for 1939? Twenty cents each, two for 35 cents, at office of "Our Dumb Animals."

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

POEMS OF SENTIMENT, NATURE, HUMOUR, Henry A. Pershing.

This interesting collection of verse, by the author of "Johnny Appleseed and His Time," contains one section that will especially appeal to animal lovers. Some of the titles will be remembered by readers of *Our Dumb Animals* as the verses appeared originally in these columns. One of the most popular is called "The Catnip Hour." Mr. Pershing, who for many years was an executive of the South Bend Humane Society, writes very tenderly both of animal and plant life.

114 pp. \$1.50. Pershing & Co., South Bend, Ind.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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Children's			\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

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